

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### THE CHARM OF EXALTED RELIGION THE SUBJECT.

From Job XXVIII—"The Crystal Cannot Equal It"—Preparation for Eternal Treasures Should Begin Early in the Material World—Open the Door to Christ.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Washington, Oct. 6.—The charm of an exalted religion is by Dr. Talmage in this discourse illustrated and commended; text, Job xxviii, 17, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Many of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job, in my text, compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion and then looks at the crystal and pronounces the former as of far superior value to the latter, exclaiming, in the words of my text, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not a part of my sermon design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be found in Cornish mine or Harz mountain or Mammoth cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandeliers of a palace. The crystal is the star of the mountain; it is the queen of the cave; it is the eardrop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallographic. But I want to show you that Job was right when, taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all people and to all the ages, declaring "The crystal cannot equal it."

#### God's Immutability Laws.

In the first place, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization, and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square, or it is a rhomboid, or it is a mathematical figure. Now, religion bears that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact, God's laws exact, God's decrees exact, God's management of the world exact. Never counting wrong, though he counts the grass blades and the stars and the sands and the cycles. His providences never dealing with you perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor laterally when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six-sided prism. Born at the right time; dying at the right time. There are no "happen-so's" in our theology. If I thought this was a slipshod universe, I would be in despair. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government never frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for the day. It did not just happen that John Thomas, the missionary, on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

#### More Transparent Than Crystal.

Again I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it 3,000 years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day; the crystal over the watch, defending its delicate machinery yet allowing us to see the hour; the crystal of the telescope, by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury! But there is nothing so transparent as crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of his character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque. Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. "The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned." There is no trouble with the crystal. The trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for vision. Lord, that our eyes might be opened! When the eye salve cures our blindness, then we find that religion is transparent.

#### Preparation for Eternal Treasures.

The providence that was dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child and why you lost your property. It was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came, it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence. And now you understand why they lied about you and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such a man as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said, "I am the wheat, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ." Or the company of such men as "that ancient Christian martyr" who, when standing in the midst of the amphitheater waiting for the lions to come out of their cave and destroy him and the people in the galleries jeering and shouting, "The lions!" replied, "Let them come on!" and then, stooping down toward the cave, where the wild beasts were raving, he got out, again cried, "Let them come on!" Ah, yes, it is persecution to put you in glorious company, and while there are many things you will have to postpone to the future world for explanation I tell you that it is the whole tendency of your religion to unravel and explain and interpret and illuminate and irradiate. Job was right. It is a glorious transparency. "The crystal cannot equal it."

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#### Harmony and Symmetry.

Beautiful in its symmetry. When it presents God's character, it does not present him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of his nature, but makes that love in harmony with his justice—a love that will accept all those who come to him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the sentiment it implants! Beautiful religion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful religion in the fact that it proposes to garland and enshrine and enshrine an immortal spirit. Solomon says it is a lily. Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed by the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliaged cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job in the text takes up the topaz and the sapphire and the chrysolite—he holds out of this beautiful vase just one crystal and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Oh, it is not a stale religion; it is not a stupid religion; it is not a toothless hag, as some seem to have represented it; it is not a Meg Merrilies with shriveled arm come to scare the world; it is the fairest daughter of God, heiress of all his wealth; her cheek the morning sky, her voice the music of the south wind, her step the dance of the sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come. Do you agree with Solomon and say it is a lily? Then pluck it and wear it over your heart. Do you agree with Paul and say it is a crown? Then let this hour be your coronation. Do you agree with the Apocalypse and say it is a springing fountain? Then come and slake the thirst of your soul. Do you believe with Ezekiel and say it is a foliaged cedar? Then come under its shadow. Do you believe with Christ and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride? Then strike hands with your Lord and King while I pronounce you everlastingly one. Or if you think with Job that it is a jewel, then put it on your hand like a ring, on your neck like a bead, on your forehead like a star, while looking into the mirror of God's word you acknowledge, "The crystal cannot equal it."

#### Superior to Crystal.

Again, religion is superior to the crystal in its transformations. The diamond is only a crystallization. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes into cubes and octahedrons. Those crystals which adorn our persons and our homes and our museums have only been resurrected from forms that were far from lustrous. Scientists for ages have been examining these wonderful transformations. But I tell you in the gospel of the Son of God there is a more wonderful transformation. Over souls by reason of sin black as coal and hard as iron God, by his comforting grace, stoops and says, "They shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels."

"What!" say you. "Will God wear jewelry?" If he wanted it, he could make the stars of the heaven his belt and have the evening cloud for the sandals of his feet, but he does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wears jewelry, he comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystallizations of mercy. He puts them on, and he wears them in the presence of the whole universe. He wears them on the hand that was nailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. "They shall be mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up my jewels." Wonderful transformation! Where sin abounded grace shall much more abound. The carbon becomes the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, I have no liking for those people who are always enlarging in Christian meetings about their early dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brothers. Simply say you were sick, but make no display of your ulcers. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seem to be their early crimes and dissipation. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor prayer meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or stole anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up. Out of infernal serfdom into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

#### Power of the Gospel.

But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the gospel will not be seen in this world, and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul, then you will see the crystals. What a magnificent setting for these jewels of eternity! I sometimes hear people representing heaven in a way that is far from attractive to me. It seems almost a vulgar heaven as they represent it, with great blotches of color and bands of music making a deafening racket. John represents heaven as exquisitely beautiful. Three crystals! In one place he says, "Her light was like a precious stone, clear as crystal." In another place he says, "I saw a pure river under the throne, clear as crystal." In another place he says, "Before the throne there was a sea of glass clear as crystal." Three crystals! John says crystal atmosphere. That means health. Balm of the eternal June. What weather after the

world's east wind! No rack of storm-clouds. One breath of that air will cure the worst tubercle. Crystal light on all the leaves, crystal light shimmering on the topaz of the sun-pleas. Crystal light teasing in the plumes of the equestrians of heaven on white horses. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal river. That means joy. Deep and ever rolling. Not one drop of the Potomac or the Hudson or the Rhine to soil it. No one tear of human sorrow to imbitter it. Crystal, the rain out of which it was made, Crystal, the bed over which it shall roll and ripple. Crystal, its infinite surface. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal sea. That means multitudinous vast. Vast in rapture. Rapture vast as the sea, deep as the sea, strong as the sea, ever changing as the sea. Billows of light. Billows of beauty, blue with skies that were never clouded and green with depths that were never fathomed. Arctic and Antarctic and Mediterranean and Atlantic and Pacific in crystalline magnificence. Three crystals! Crystal light falling on a crystal river. Crystal river rolling into a crystal sea. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

#### Open the Door to Christ.

"Oh," says some one, "it is just the doctrine I want. God is to do everything, and I am to do nothing." My brother, it is not the doctrine you want. The coal makes no resistance. It hears the resurrection voice in the mountain and it comes to crystallization; but your heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is the coal wants to stay coal. I do not ask you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop bolting it and barring it. My friends, we will have to get rid of our sins. I will have to get rid of my sins, and you will have to get rid of your sins. What will we do with our sins among the three crystals? The crystal atmosphere would display our pollution. The crystal river would be befouled with our touch. Transformation must take place now or no transformation at all. Give sin full channel in your heart and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of crystal it will be a cinder.

#### ROUSSEAU WAS MODEST.

#### He Refused to Expose an Impostor Posing in His Shoes.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was not troubled greatly by conscientious scruples, yet he possessed the rare virtue of a broad, human sympathy in an eminent degree. Perhaps it was the consciousness of his own weakness that made him so sympathetic toward others. An anecdote is related of him which places this virtue of his in a strong light. On one occasion he had composed an opera, which was performed before the king, Louis XV., and met with the royal approval. The king sent for him and if he had put in an appearance he would probably have obtained a pension. He was, however, of a retiring disposition and could not bring himself to face the court. To his friends he gave as a reason his republican opinions, but his real reason was his shyness. Accordingly he fled from the court and sought the privacy of a public inn. While he was there a man came in, who began telling the company that he was the celebrated Rousseau, and proceeded to give an account of his opera, which, he said, had been performed before the king with great success. Most men in Rousseau's position would have felt nothing but contempt for the impostor, but this extraordinary man felt only pity and shame. "I trembled and blushed so," he tells us in his "Confessions," for fear the man should be found out, that it might have been thought that I was the impostor." He was afraid that somebody might come in who knew him and expose the pretender. At last he could bear it no longer and slipped out unobserved. Very few people would treat an impostor like that.—Detroit Free Press.

#### WOMEN FORSAKE KITCHEN.

#### Latest Fad of Feminine Emancipation Women in France.

The latest fad of the feminine emancipation women in France is that the fair sex should no longer supervise what goes on in the household kitchen. This campaign against home cooks is led by Mme. Schmal, who contends that cookery should in the present age of progress, be the work of specialists. Trained cooks, it is proposed, outside the domestic circle, might prepare the various meals, and women, thus relieved of their duties as mistress of the house, would have more leisure to devote to higher pursuits. Washing—such is the argument—is rarely done at home in France, nor mending, nor dressmaking. Why should not the kitchen be suppressed, and with it the daily drudgery of marketing or preparing meals? Mme. Schmal appears to believe that matters would be excellently arranged by the foundation of culinary waiters, to which families would subscribe so much per month, and in return be provided with their daily food. The ambition of home life in France, particularly in Paris, we are all well aware, differs essentially from the notions on the subject in England. It may be doubted, however, whether the average Frenchwoman of the period would be happier were she relieved of one of the most important of her domestic functions.—Daily Messenger.

#### What Secretary Root Said.

"Senator, you seem to forget that war itself is a hard, a dreadful thing; yet our old men clamor for it and our young men rush into it as if it were a holiday amusement. The executive does not declare war. When our wise men and popular leaders in the Congress of the United States plunge us into it, do they pause to think of the aged mothers and their tears and their baking hearts?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

#### A Hostler.

Madge—Why did he insist on going to South Dakota to spend the honeymoon? Marjorie—So that in case they failed to agree the month could be counted in with the time necessary to secure a residence when she sued for a divorce.

## Current Topics

### Debut of Miss Roosevelt.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, the new "daughter of the white house," will make her debut late this fall, and society is awaiting the event with great interest, says a Washington dispatch. When it was first planned to introduce Miss Roosevelt in Washington this winter all the details of her debut were most carefully planned. These will of necessity be somewhat changed, but an effort will be made as far as possible to follow the lines that were laid down and one may be sure that Mrs. Roosevelt intends to fulfill to the letter her duties as chaperon and mother.

Of course, there is no time set as to



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

When the formal introduction of Miss Roosevelt will take place, but it may safely be assumed that she will have an unusually brilliant winter for a debutante, and Mrs. Roosevelt has most carefully planned her trousseau, which now will simply mean some additions. Already what Miss Roosevelt is to be is being talked over, showing that the personal interest is not to be lost sight of in the sudden accession of public interest that must needs come in such a tremendous change of circumstances.

### The Old and the New.

Turn from the Herald, the Sun, the Tribune or the Times of today and glance over an issue of the same journals during the month of September, 1851. It is the paucity of personal news in the old newspaper, the overflowing abundance of it today, that arrest the attention and denote the contrast; the great space now given to reports of minor events, petty things, of which no one may have interest for many persons, but which in the aggregate make the modern newspaper indispensable to readers, while the best and greatest of the newspapers of fifty years ago were easily dispensed with by the larger part of the community.—New York Times.

### General Corbin to Wed.

Announcement has been made in Washington that the marriage of Major General H. C. Corbin, adjutant-general of the army, and Miss Edythe Patten will take place in that city at the residence of the bride Nov. 6.



MISS EDYTHE PATTEN.

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### Plea for the Chinese.

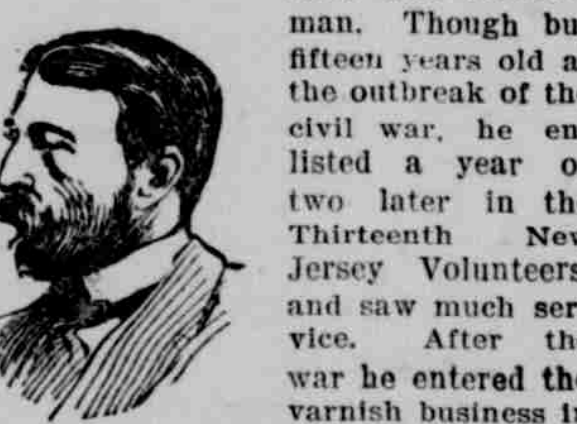
Minister Wu Ting-fang is right. There should be no bar to the admission of Chinese students in this country. We stand at the gate of Pekin demanding that China shall civilize herself, yet when she picks the best of her youth and sends them to this land to learn civilization, we send them back without even permitting them to land. There is a deal of humbug about this.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Duty as to Lynching.

It is none too soon that the governors of the lynching states (only five states are now free from the crime) are endeavoring to arouse public sentiment against such outgrowths of barbarity. Such an awakening is a promising sign for the south, and will be hailed with satisfaction by the country.—Boston Globe.

### After New Jersey's Governorship.

Franklin Murphy, whom the Republicans of New Jersey have nominated for the governorship, is an eminent and successful business man of Newark, where he heads a great company engaged in the manufacture and sale of varnish. Mr. Murphy is a man of varied experience as a soldier, legislator and business man. Though but fifteen years old at the outbreak of the civil war, he enlisted a year or two later in the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, and saw much service. After the war he entered the varnish business in a modest way, and



the present great establishment has grown from those beginnings. Though a resident of Newark, in Essex county, since his tenth year, Mr. Murphy is a native of Jersey City, and on that account Hudson county claims him.

## LETTERS TO THE CHINESE.

### Postman Is More Reverenced in Chinatown Than Policeman.

No interpreter is required to assort the mail that comes to the residents of the Chinese colony in any of the larger cities of the country. The fact is due to the precautions taken by the postmen themselves or their correspondents in the land where the "boxer" thrives. A letter to a Chinaman is generally consigned to some well-known person whose name is written in English. When a celestial writes to his family in China he invariably incloses a directed envelope. Chinese names are a puzzle even to Chinamen. Every Chinaman has several entirely dissimilar names, his "birth name" and "marriage name" being instances. Then he has a clan name, or society name, and a business name and perhaps another name or two for variety sake.

The larger firms have their addresses printed on envelopes which are supplied to their regular customers. The Chinese consider handling mail in the light of an honorable trust, and there has never been any complaint that letters are delivered to the wrong person. A Chinese may have a serious falling out with a firm and may have transferred his business to a rival, but mail addressed in care of his former connection always reaches him. The Chinese are great letter writers. Of course, there is a great deal of business correspondence between Chinatown and Chinese ports, but much of the mail matter is of a social nature. Many Chinese who have a good command of the intricate written language of the dragon empire make a good living writing letters for others of their race who don't know how to write. When a Chinese in this city writes to his relatives in China he incloses an addressed envelope.

The postman is more reverenced in Chinatown than the policeman. In fact, that hardly expresses it, for the policeman only gets the reverence which comes from fear of the law, while the postman, as the link which connects the inhabitants with the land of their birth, is most popular. He is a fortunate man every Chinese New Year's week, for he receives many presents. If he tried to drink all the Chinese wine offered to him on his rounds in the holiday week, he would never live through it. One does not have to consult a shipping guide in Chinatown to learn when the next mail is due from the far East. The Chinese know to a day when every mail arrives and figure to the hour regarding the posting of China-bound letters. They know that it takes thirty-two days for a letter to go from Chicago to Hong Kong if it is sent by the Vancouver steamer. They also know that it takes a little longer if sent by the San Francisco or Seattle routes, consequently, the Vancouver mail is always the heavier.

### PERSUADED WITH A CAMERA.

How a Young Man Won Over His Prospective Father-in-Law.

"It was simply bull-headed luck," said the young man with the red shirt waist. "Papa declared that it would be a warm day when he consented to my marrying his daughter, and as the weather record had been broken several times after he had made that remark, I was beginning to lose hope. When all-the-world-to-me went on her vacation I went to the same place and put up at the same hotel. Now, papa-in-law-to-be is an old blowhard, and it made me tired—everybody else, too—the way he bragged about the fish he caught in former years. Finally, some one hinted that it would be a good plan for him to make good and give us an example of his skill as a fisherman. He accepted the challenge and spent three days getting his tackle ready. He went alone, as he said he didn't want to be bothered by having any greenhorns along, and we waited with bated breath for him to return. Now, I am something of a camera fiend and late in the afternoon I started out to take a picture of a little wooded dell when the shadows were well down. I was making my way to the road through some thick brush when I discovered my daddy-in-law-to-be standing in the middle of the road bargaining with a small boy for a long string of magnificent fish. Quick as a flash I took a snap shot of him just as he was holding onto his pocket with one hand and digging into it with the other. I let the old man brag around the hotel for three days about the fish he had caught. Then I showed him the picture, told him if he didn't consent to my marrying his daughter I would spread it broadcast over the hotel, and pointed out where his reputation would be. He wilted, gulped hard and surrendered. He isn't a bad sort when you know how to handle him."—Detroit Free Press.

### Saved the Little Bottles.

"I have a patient who is wonderfully considerate of my interests," said a prominent physician lately. "A few weeks ago he had malaria, and I prescribed quinine for him, giving him four-grain capsules, so that he might take the drug without discomfort. He came out of his attack and a few days later called to see me at my office. Judge of my surprise when he exhibited the empty capsules and said, 'Doctor, I thought you might like the little bottles, so I saved them and brought them back.' He had emptied each four-grain dose of the bitter powder, and then essayed the rather hopeless task of washing it down with water. I couldn't do otherwise than to take the 'little bottles' from him without a word and next time I'll give him quinine in another form."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Miss Kulcher—Did you ever go for literature, Mr. Gay? Mr. Gay—Well, not exactly, but once when I was at college I wrote a short story and got \$100 for it. Miss Kulcher—Really? What was it? Mr. Gay—Dear Father! I'm broke. Please send me a hundred.

### After a Woman Comes Home from Church she Has the Same Sort of Guaranteed Credit Feeling that a Man Has After He Makes a Fat Bank Deposit.

More carelessness of the federal census-takers is manifest. This week Delaware, a populous town of Delaware county, reported that no one had taken the census there. A dispatch comes from Kempton that that town was missed. No satisfactory explanation has ever been heard. Kempton has nearly 1,000 population. Many new buildings and two miles of brick sidewalks are a part of this year's improvements. The town has a bank and two newspapers and much building is in prospect.

George Hamerlin, aged 83, probably the oldest justice of the peace in Indiana, committed suicide at Evansville by hanging himself at his home near Jasper. He was wealthy.

Two boys, aged 7 and 9 years, respectively, sons of Jacob Goodwin, living near Kokomo, proved themselves heroes by capturing a gang of six tramps and saving a burning schoolhouse to which the men had set fire. With buckets the boys carried water from the pump, and after saving the structure one mounted a horse without saddle or bridle and rode into town for officers, while the other stood guard with an air gun over the gang. When re-enforcements came the tramps were locked up.

In a rear-end collision of freight trains on the Panhandle Railroad at Onward, fourteen miles southeast of Logansport, four trainmen lost their lives, three bodies being recovered badly mutilated, while the fourth had been almost consumed before the wrecking crew could subdue the flames. The dead are: Thomas H. Brosius, flagman; S. A. Galbreath, brakeman; Elbert Greeley, conductor; John Hutchinson, fireman. The injured: Frank Patterson. The wreckage promptly caught fire and the flames kept at bay the uninjured trainmen and the men gathered from near by farmhouses. A special train conveyed a part of the Logansport fire department to the scene. The wreck was the most disastrous the panhandle has had for years near there. Six cars were burned from the third section, which, with the two cabooses and the ruined engines, makes the loss quite large.

The prize drill contest which the Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, was advertised to hold at Anderson on Sunday was called off. General Canham of Indianapolis, who is at the head of the Uniform Rank in the United States, informed the Anderson lodge that the proposed contest on Sunday was absolutely in violation of the organic law of Knights of Pythias and must be abandoned. Subsequently a general order from Grand Chancellor Bookwalter was received to the same effect. A large number of the members at Anderson opposed the enterprise.

Irving Neller of Washington township, Whitley county while assisting in thrashing oats Saturday fell into the separator. His right arm and shoulder were torn off, exposing his lungs. He died soon afterward.

South Bend's new Epworth hospital, erected at a cost of about \$70,000, has just been opened. It is probably the finest hospital of its size in America, being provided throughout with the latest equipment. It is a red brick, stone-trimmed structure of three stories and basement and is fireproof. It is situated at Main and Navarre streets, not far from the business center. The hospital is in charge of Miss Margaret Brennan as superintendent. Miss Clara Carr has charge of the nurses. A portion of the money used in the construction of the hospital was raised by public subscription. The heaviest individual subscriber was Clem Studebaker, the manufacturer, who gave \$5,000. Members of his family contributed \$3,000 more.

Len Byers, the famous Purdue basketball player, has gone to Montana to accept a position with a drug company. While at Purdue he took a course in pharmacy, and last year was assistant professor in the chemical laboratory. He has been at his home in this county since June.

The large drainage canal, known as the Yellow river ditch, is now under contract to a reliable dredge company, and it will extend from the east end of Starks county to the Kukee river, eighteen miles, thus straightening Yellow river and reclaiming many hundred acres of land.

There is a belief at Bedford that Hale Roberts, who died of morphine poisoning, had the drug administered to him in whisky by an enemy. Recently, while working in a coal chute, a would-be assassin shot at him.

The Rev. A. C. Ormond of Charlton, Ia., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Kendallville, and will begin the discharge of his new duties in two weeks.

Columbus C. Cain, a well-known farmer, residing near Kendallville, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities are over \$4,000, and assets \$30.

While sinking a well near Topeka, La. Grange county, a shaft of gas was struck at a depth of 200 feet. A company has been formed to sink the well to trenton rock.

The American Tin Plate company announces that, while it cannot recognize the Amalgamated Association, it will allow no discrimination against the old men when they return to work.

James Case, accused of entering the postoffice at Deep River and escaping with \$500 cash, has been arrested. There was still considerable money in his possession.

Judge Fox at Richmond sustained a motion to quash the indictment against Wilbur Wood of Knightstown for alleged blackmail, holding it was not sufficiently specific.

The blacksmith department of the car-works at Terry Haute was destroyed by fire entailing a loss of \$20,000, covered by insurance.

Captain Andrew J. Cochran, who was found dead in bed at Brookston, during the civil war served as captain of Company F, Ninety-ninth Indiana.

William R. Steele, a leading Republican politician here, died at Princeton from the effects of an accident. In attempting to set a monument at the grave of his wife the stone fell on him, crushing his chest and head. He lived four hours in terrible agony.

## Indiana State News

More carelessness of the federal census-takers is manifest. This week Delaware, a populous town of Delaware county, reported that no one had taken the census there. A dispatch comes from Kempton that that town was missed. No satisfactory explanation has ever been heard. Kempton has nearly 1,000 population. Many new buildings and two miles of brick sidewalks are a part of this year's improvements. The town has a bank and two newspapers and much building is in prospect.

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Two boys, aged 7 and 9 years, respectively, sons of Jacob Goodwin, living near Kokomo, proved themselves heroes by capturing a gang of six tramps and saving a burning schoolhouse to which the men had set fire. With buckets the boys carried water from the pump, and after saving the structure one mounted a horse without saddle or bridle and rode into town for officers, while the other stood guard with an air gun over the gang. When re-enforcements came the tramps were locked up.

In a rear-end collision of freight trains on the Panhandle Railroad at Onward, fourteen miles southeast of Logansport, four trainmen lost their lives, three bodies being recovered badly mutilated, while the fourth had been almost consumed before the wrecking crew could subdue the flames. The dead are: Thomas H. Brosius, flagman; S. A. Galbreath, brakeman; Elbert Greeley, conductor; John Hutchinson, fireman. The injured: Frank Patterson. The wreckage promptly caught fire and the flames kept at bay the uninjured trainmen and the men gathered from near by farmhouses. A special train conveyed a part of the Logansport fire department to the scene. The wreck was the most disastrous the panhandle has had for years near there. Six cars were burned from the third section, which, with the two cabooses and the ruined engines, makes the loss quite large.

The prize drill contest which the Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, was advertised to hold at Anderson on Sunday was called off. General Canham of Indianapolis, who is at the head of the Uniform Rank in the United States, informed the Anderson lodge that the proposed contest on Sunday was absolutely in violation of the organic law of Knights of Pythias and must be abandoned. Subsequently a general order from Grand Chancellor Bookwalter was received to the same effect. A large number of the members at Anderson opposed the enterprise.

Irving Neller of Washington township, Whitley county while assisting in thrashing oats Saturday fell into the separator. His right arm and shoulder were torn off, exposing his lungs. He died soon afterward.

South Bend's new Epworth hospital, erected at a cost of about \$70,000, has just been opened. It is probably the finest hospital of its size in America, being provided throughout with the latest equipment. It is a red brick, stone-trimmed structure of three stories and basement and is fireproof. It is situated at Main and Navarre streets, not far from the business center. The hospital is in charge of Miss Margaret Brennan as superintendent. Miss Clara Carr has charge of the nurses. A portion of the money used in the construction of the hospital was raised by public subscription. The heaviest individual subscriber was Clem Studebaker, the manufacturer, who gave \$5,000. Members of his family contributed \$3,000 more.

Len Byers, the famous Purdue basketball player, has gone to Montana to accept a position with a drug company. While at Purdue he took a course in pharmacy, and last year was assistant professor in the chemical laboratory. He has been at his home in this county since June.

The large drainage canal, known as the Yellow river ditch, is now under contract to a reliable dredge company, and it will extend from the east end of Starks county to the Kukee river, eighteen miles, thus straightening Yellow river and reclaiming many hundred acres of land.

There is a belief at Bedford that Hale Roberts, who died of morphine poisoning, had the drug administered to him in whisky by an enemy. Recently, while working in a coal chute, a would-be assassin shot at him.

The Rev. A. C. Ormond of Charlton, Ia., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Kendallville, and will begin the discharge of his new duties in two weeks.

Columbus C. Cain, a well-known farmer, residing near Kendallville, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities are over \$4,000, and assets \$30.

While sinking a well near Topeka, La. Grange county, a shaft of gas was struck at a depth of 200 feet. A company has been formed to sink the well to trenton rock.

The American Tin Plate company announces that, while it cannot recognize the Amalgamated Association, it will allow no discrimination against the old men when they return to work.

James Case, accused of entering the postoffice at Deep River and escaping with \$500 cash, has been arrested. There was still considerable money in his possession.

Judge Fox at Richmond sustained a motion to quash the indictment against Wilbur Wood of Knightstown for alleged blackmail, holding it was not sufficiently specific.

The blacksmith department of the car-works at Terry Haute was destroyed by fire entailing a loss of \$20,000, covered by insurance.

Captain Andrew J. Cochran, who was found dead in bed at Brookston, during the civil war served as captain of Company F, Ninety-ninth Indiana.

William R. Steele, a leading Republican politician here, died at Princeton from the effects of an accident. In attempting to set a monument at the grave of his wife the stone fell on him, crushing his chest and head. He lived four hours in terrible agony.

More carelessness of the federal census-takers is manifest. This week Delaware, a populous town of Delaware county, reported that no one had taken the census there. A dispatch comes from Kempton that that town was missed. No satisfactory explanation has ever been heard. Kempton has nearly 1,000 population. Many new buildings and two miles of brick sidewalks are a part of this year's improvements. The town has a bank and two newspapers and much building is in prospect.

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